



More SEASONABLE and FRIENDLY

A D V I C E



WITH SOME

CURIOUS ANECDOTES

OF THE

L I F E

OF A

Renowned QUACK

THE

Notches in others. No deadly symptoms have yet appeared, the Vital Parts are apparently, thank God, still sound. Your

Case however, was not without Danger, and you have Reason to consider some as your Benefactors and Friends, who early interposed for your Relief.

Palliative Remedies however have hitherto only been administered, and extirpative ones are plainly necessary: Quacks will content themselves with the former, because they consider their own Profit, not their Patients; they care not how they deal by you, provided they can make well of you: They will skin over an Ulcer in one Part, that it may break out with more Violence in another. Thus a renown'd Quack actually proceeded in a Case of this kind, and nearly similar to the present; of whose Life and Actions, allow me to make a short Detail, as a proper Preparative to the General Admonition I am to leave with you.

Once upon a Time, a Time you may remember, a certain Apothecary, who under the Title of *Pharmacopæstix*, pretended to more Skill in *Medicine*, than the whole College of Physicians; had in Fact by the bare *Effluvia* of his Drugs, poisoned a great part of the Body Politic, and brought it, as many apprehended to the very Edge of a mortal *Atrophy*, an *Abscess*, or feverish *Hætic*; for at the Time there was no saying to which it might determine. In a critical Moment, up started a *Mountebank*, under the Name of a *Cork Surgeon*: The Fellow had Abilities, tolerably suited to the Part he was to act. *Volubility of Tongue*, *unwearied Assiduity*, and by distributing his *Antidotes* in *Pacquets* portable and cheap, he had the Fortune, being well backed at the Time to drive his Rival off the Stage. He had the Merit of deadning the Force of the other's Poison, of weakening the *Paroxysms*, and lengthning the *Interval* between the Fits. The Patients by Degrees grew *more* *healthy*, and flattered themselves they were recovered. But were they cured? No! Thank you! The Fellow never intended that; he knew his Business better than so. Though the Title of a Book written by C. L., about the Year 1735 or 6.

Though he had been well paid for his Medicines and Attendance, he had other Purposes to serve by his Patients; he resolved to have them a second Time under his Care. From his Success in this Instance, he began to look upon himself as a Person of some Importance, and the great Folk could not be without him; and had Thoughts of rising to be Physician General to the State, and he had been heard to say, as I am told, that he would be so, in a few Years. Accordingly he never attempted a total extirpative Cure, but suffered the poisonous Juices that had been infused by the other, to lie lurking in the Ducts, the finer and more remote Ducts, till an convenient Opportunity should offer, to set them in Motion, and call them forth. As he had computed, so it happened; in 1753, a fit Season presented, and presently by a slight Application, prepared in Concert with some able Heads, they erupted, and came out in little Spots and Pusules, with Symptoms that threatened a more fatal Issue.

It happened, however, that the Governors of the Royal Hospitals, either mistaking the Men or his Practice, either suspecting his Skill or his Honesty, did not call him in, as he reckoned they would, but refused to employ him. Not that they meant to turn the Influence of his Practice against them, for they reckoned, that the Sense of Duty to the Public, and former Obligations to them, would have kept him from tampering, or doing what he had, except by their Direction. But it seems it was, that they mistook their Man; his Views were of another Kind; for finding he was neglected, and made light of, he set himself to counteract, and to frustrate every Attempt for the People's Cure. The Consequence was, that his public Salary was withdrawn, he was dismissed the Service, and even refused a Certificate when he applied for it. A Circumstance not mentioned now for the Importance of it, but to shew you, how meanly some Fools will act, who have contrary to the Laws of the Land, actually retained him in their Service without one.

This unexpected Stroke put this Fellow however to his Shifts; he soon bethought himself of a Scheme, which was to erect a Stage of his own, and to make a Penny

of his Pacquets among the Populace, upon the very Plan that his Precursor the Apothecary, (to whose Friends he found Methods to recommend and unite himself,) had proceeded. At first he took his Stand at a Corner, turning into a certain Lane, for the Convenience of seeing and observing what certain People (with whom as he had lost all Credit, he was resolved to keep as Measures) were doing, and for a while behaved with some Caution and Decency; but either finding himself too narrowly watched there, or apprehending that his Accomplite and Host had betrayed him, he quitted that and removed higher up.

To conceal himself the better, he was obliged to vary his Character, and to change his Name. He was now no longer the *Cork Surgeon*, but the celebrated *Dianthus*: And in fact, never was such a Contrast seen, no Man was ever so unequal, or so unlike himself. In every Case that came before him he prescribed a quite different *Regimen*, and flatly contradicted every Word he had either spoke or written before. Of which the Reader, if he thinks I wrong him, may be convinced by reading and comparing the *Cork Surgeon's Letters*, intitled *Antidotes* with those he has since dispersed in the *Universe*.

This Trick served however to conceal him for a while, but he was soon detected, and this alone 'twas thought would undo him; his Business it is true, did suffer by it; for the better Sort who saw and knew the Knavery of the Fellow, never went near him, or troubled their Heads about him: They imagined that even the lowest of the People would soon find him out, and never dreamed that they would swallow a second Time the *Identical Pills*, that had poisoned them before, especially when tendered to them by the very same Hand, that in the former Case had administered the *Antidote*: But it seems to elude their Caution, to hide the Ingredients, before he gave them out, he had got his Pills finely gilded, and on the Box or Paper in which he put them, wrote the Word *Liberty*, a Bait that he knew never failed to take such *Gudgeons* as the Mob: And on the other Side, the Words, *a Cure for dislocated Members*.

After

After being detected and frequently exposed, you may, my Friends wonder that he had the Courage to go on, but he was steel'd against all impressions of Shame or Remorse, and by an Excess of Impudence bore through every Check and Impediment: All the Lies and Stories he had ever heard or could invent, to give the People a bad Opinion of their Governors he told them: A Lie never choak'd him, if he was convicted of one, he had Recourse to another, and from that to a third, as long as lying was good, he was never at a Loss: Of the many he published, take the following Samples:

At one time he told, that a certain Man and his Son, in Conjunction with the Parish Priest, had some how got a false Key to the publick Treasury, and intended in one Night to rob it, and carry away in ~~it~~ all the Cash: The Thing besides that it was impossible was certainly never thought of, for if it had, as the Thing was put into their power a Year and a half before, by the very Persons that pretended a Property in it, and no Body was appointed to watch or inform against them if they had, what should have hindered them? And yet this same Lie many of you were silly enough to believe upon his bare Word for some Time.

At another Time he told you that there was a Project for [•] building a new Bridge cross the Water, from the Hill of Howth to *Hollyhead*. To which all this Money and infinite Sums to be raised by Taxes upon this Land was to be applied; and this too, though the Thing was impossible, by reason of the Current of Tides between the two Points, being so strong and boisterous; and a thousand other Difficulties that were in the Way of it; was yet believed by some silly People for a while.

† Again he amused you with a Story of a Device (something like that of *Sampson's Fates* to burn the *Philistines* Corn) by which in one Week, or perhaps a Night, if the Wind favoured

• The Project of Union is supposed here to be refer'd to.

† This alludes to the Fate of our Linen Bill.

favoured, all the Flax in the Kingdom was to be destroyed, by which, the People deprived of this Source of Vital Nourishment, would by the next Year be so weakened and impoverished, as to become an easy Prey to any that pleased to come and seize them: Which was in Effect, though in different Words to say, that his Majesty looking upon this Island as not worth the keeping, as costing him more to take care of it, than it brought him in, designed at the next Congress for a general Peace, to deliver it up to the French King, who he knew had an Eye to it. Yet even this (monstrous and incredible as it was) got some Credit among you. And Lastly (to name no more of his Lies now) to blast the Credit of Friends who really loved you, and wished to do you good, he gave out, that whoever contradicted him, were mercenary Rogues that spoke against their own Consciences, because they were well paid for it; whereas on the Contrary, it is notorious and well known, that no Man ever got a Penny in this Way, nor a Penny Worth in any Shape; that Numbers by their Services had been considerable Losers in their Trade, and some Gentlemen had suffered in their Property; the Policy of which Measure the said *Dumfries* has been known frequently to Ridicule and make Sport of. Imagining that under such Discouragement, these Volunteers, would soon grow weary, drop off and leave him to practice his little Chicanerys, without Check or Controul.

Added to the Lies and Stories he told, the Fellow had several Tricks, and sundry, I confess, notable Inventions, to impose upon you and to gain you to his Side; but I have not Time, nor indeed Room in this little Paper to tell you half of them. But you may take my Word to the next Occasion, and trust me, they shall not be lost, and allow me now only to leave upon your Minds one useful Admonition, which if properly cultivated may be of real Use to you in Times to come, viz.

That the Temper of Mind that disposes Men to Libel, and to revile their lawful Governors, is always the Result (whatever it or may be pretended) of depraved Morals; for in such Business, even that sourness that arises from Disappointment or Neglect, will never carry any Man. If the latter

will be added to the Force of our French Bill.

DA may have done it, there were others beside him, who might have taken it up, standing alone as he confessedly does, nor I called upon him in my last to acquit himself, and he has not done it) but in a Paragraph of July 18. without Apology owned the Thing. The Lesson I have read to you is Rational and Just, and the Conclusion you are to draw from it, if you are just to yourselves in this, *That the Man in strict account has forfeited all Title to any Esteem, Difference, or Regard, should be considered as the Enemy of his Country, a Pest a Nuisance in Society.* Look back to the Instance I gave you in my last, it strikes every Reader with Surprize, every reflecting Reader with Horror: No Age, no Nation, no History ever did, or probably ever will furnish the like of it.

Tell me then my Friends, for so I will call you, since you are recovering your Senses, what Course you ought to follow with this Man? Will you follow, will you be led by him? If in any common concern of Life you found a Man, thus doubling and winding, prevaricating with you, contradicting himself, misrepresenting and abusing all those who should ever be highest in your Love and Regard, would you converse or communicate with him? You would not surely if you could avoid it. *He has put himself upon God and his Country.* (Adv—r July 18.) which Country you are. You have heard the Charge, you have heard the Evidence; he pleads Guilty, owns the Fact, what Sentence will ye, can you, or ought you to pass, but what I have here drawn up for you? By every Rule of Civil or Religious Obligation you are justifiable if you do, inexcusable if you do not: In no other Case can the Obligation be so strong as in this; the Evil is so extensive, the Malignancy so apparent; and so proved. He that endeavours to cheat and ruin a Million of People, is certainly a greater and more unpardonable Sinner, than he that meditates the Injury only of one or a few: The Consequences of Guilt, especially when foreseen and in Design, always have been and always should be taken in as Aggravations both of the Guilt and of the Punishment: I do not however (as I told you before) mark him out as an Object of Vengeance, whilst I labour your Safety, I have an Eye to his Reformation, I would leave room for Repentance:

tance : Let him go off therefore with a Mark of your Abhorrence and Disdain, then leave him to the cruciating Sudges and Tortures of his own Conscience, which one Time or other, will clear off all Scores, and pay up all Arrears.

Adieu,

And may you prosper in love.

Tell me then my Friends, for so I will call you, since you are recovering your Senses, what Course you ought to follow with this **FINIS** ? Will you be led by him ? If in any common concern of Life you found a Man, thus doubling and winding, prevaricating with you, countering himself, mis-representing and abusing all those who should ever be highest in your Love and Regard, would you converse or communicate with him ? You would not surely if you could avoid it. Yet he has done so. (Advise—) I say I will. You have heard the Charge, you have heard the Evidence; he pleads Guilty, owns the Fact, what Sentence will ye, can you, or ought you to give, but what I have drawn up for you ? By every Rule of Civil or Religious Obligation you are justifiable if you do, inexcusable if you do not : In no other Case can the Obligation be so strong as in this; the Evil is so extensive, the Malignancy so apparent; and so proved. He that endeavours to cheat and ruin a Million of People, is certainly a greater and more unaccountably sinner, than he that mediates the Injury only to a few : The Consequences of Guilt, especially when foreseen and in Design, always have been and always should be taken in as Aggravations both of the Guilt and of the Punishment : I do not however (as I told you before) mark him out as an Object of Vengeance, whilst I labour your Safety, I have an Eye to his Restoration, I would leave room for Repen-

